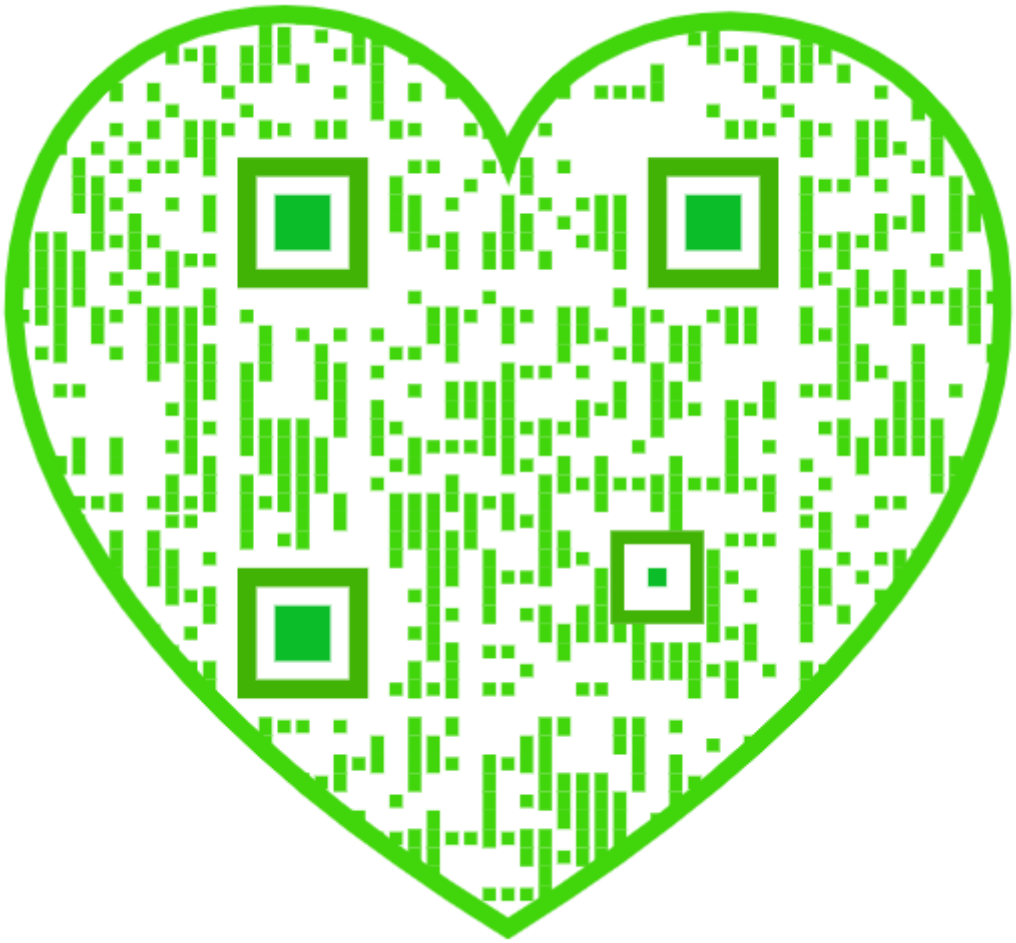
BJ
1581
G73

The Ideal Man

J. P. GREENE



Class BJ1581

Book G73

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE IDEAL MAN

THE IDEAL MAN

By

J. P. GREENE

President Emeritus, William Jewell College

Author of "The Happy Man"

PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDSON PRESS

BOSTON CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

KANSAS CITY TORONTO

©1920

BJ1581
.G73

Copyright, 1920, by
GILBERT N. BRINK, Secretary

Published October, 1920

©Cl. A601592

NOV 20 1920

no 1

INTRODUCTORY

THOSE of us who know Doctor Greene are glad that he has spoken these words on *The Ideal Man,* and that they are now to have this wider vogue. He is at work on the foundations of life. On such a subject he is well able to speak. He has the "idea" which is at the heart of his "ideal," has grasped the truths in which it has its roots and those in which it bears its fruits; has that ideal, not as a fascinating object of thought, but as the fiber and nerve and bone and structure and blood and breath of his being.

Moreover, I would say that the reason he has made that ideal his very life itself is that he has "seen" it and all its essentially related truths vitalized and humanized and perfectly realized in "the Man Christ Jesus," who owns Doctor Greene, body and soul, and has harnessed and re-

leased and enlarged and ennobled all his powers to "grow up into Him." He has pursued that ideal with the ardor of a lover and the zeal of a devotee, till, in his personal character and his relational life—the most intimate and the most casual—he illustrates the truths which he delights to tell. He says "the ideal is unattainable but not unapproachable," and we who know him believe he has made very effective approaches to it in walking by the side of his ideal Master.

The author possesses the personal qualifications for this discussion. His life he has lived in the open, with no factitious reservations and concealments. He is human—can laugh and play and pray, can watch the boys at fun and literally weep with them in their disappointments. He has a rare sense of humor, which is luminous without levity; he is grave without dulness, and serious without severity. His almost uncanny insight into human nature never makes him gloomy. He sees into people and still believes in them. He has lived into the lives of people

without dulling his self-consciousness or impairing his sense of direction. As pastor, college president, and teacher he has not only "walked with God," but also lived with his fellow men.

The value of these printed talks is enhanced because they preserve the informal, direct, intimate, personal charm of the talker. Even if the reader never heard or saw Doctor Greene, there will be no difficulty in putting himself in the chapel and visualizing the scene in which hundreds of splendid young fellows are listening intently—smiling, sometimes breaking out in hearty laughter, often applauding, always approving what that great soul is saying, as he pours forth truth in sharp epigram, happy story, and compelling appeal.

It ought to be made possible for every boy and girl on this continent to read these talks.

J. S. Kirtley.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Character	1
II.	The Desires	9
III.	The Animal Desires (Appetites)	17
IV.	The Intellectual Desires	25
V.	The Spiritual Desires	33
VI.	The Unpredestinated	41
VII.	The Normal Man	49
VIII.	The Ideal Man	57

I

CHARACTER

A habit is a groove or a line cut in the soul, fixed, along which future action is almost sure to run. Many habits make an engraving, a permanent picture of the soul-character.

CHARACTER

IS it grown, or engraved, or forged? All these. We are born without character, but it soon sprouts, and then grows rapidly. The soil is the home, the school, the social life, the business world—different kinds of soil, each contributing its element to the growth of character. Parents, teachers, companions, and business associates are the character-cultivators, and largely determine the quality of the product. But after all, each one grows his own character.

The word "character" is Greek, and means "engraved"—an ancient and beautiful conception. We, it may be with the help of others, engrave our own characters when we begin to act on our own judgment, when we choose and do, and thus form habits. A habit is a groove, or a line cut in the soul, fixed, along which future

action is almost sure to run. Many habits make an engraving, a permanent picture of the soul, *character.*

It may be truly said, also, that character is forged. The human soul is a piece of metal, without form and without beauty. Or probably it has been engraved without knowledge, and is inartistic, ugly. It must be worked over. In order to make it right it must go into the hot fire and under the big hammer. If properly forged, it will come out with a permanent form of grace and beauty. False lines and deformities—bad habits of thought and action—must be hammered out. They cannot be brushed off.

What is "character"? It is I, what I am, not what I seem to be, not what others think me to be (this is "reputation"), nor what I desire to be, nor hope to be, but just what I am—what I have grown into, what has been engraved on my soul, the form of my soul-metal as it comes from the forge.

Character is a stable thing. Desiring and do-

ing form character. But when it is once formed, it determines thought and action. If you know the character of a man pretty well, you can tell what he will do in certain circumstances. A man that loves money inordinately is very apt to steal if strongly tempted.

A mood is not character. A transient virtue or vice is a mere shadow—a chalk-mark on the soul, not an engraved line. Good men have vicious moods, and bad men have virtuous moods. You have read of the "polite burglar" or the "kind-hearted robber." And you have perhaps seen the generous man give the needy the "cold shoulder." "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," and do not judge your fellow men by their passing moods. A man may be much better or much worse than he just now seems to be. But what he is will come out in the open. Character will triumph!

In the great fire in Pera, a Christian suburb of Constantinople, June, 1870, Turks vied with Christians in trying to save Christian women and children. One rich Turk offered a great sum to

any one who would save a Christian boy from a burning building. This was a mood. Nature, buried and almost crushed beneath a thousand strata of religious and race animosities, sprang to the surface for a moment and spoke the natural language of the soul. But pity for Christians, or anybody else, was not and is not a characteristic of the Turks.

Here is an old proverb, nearly as old as the race: "As he thinketh within himself (in his heart), so is he." Will this man steal? That depends upon how he has been thinking in his heart, for a long time. If he has long been willing to do almost anything to gratify some desire that calls for money, he will probably venture into the region of dishonesty. A friend once stopped me on the street, and said: "I want to tell you something. I have in bank, in my name, nearly two million dollars. A company was supposed to be bankrupt, and went into the hands of a receiver. The stockholders met to plan for their own protection. They appointed me to look after their

affairs. It is all settled. I made the receiver deposit all the money in my name. He protested every time, but always yielded. A while ago a friend of mine suggested that I could lend this vast sum and pocket the interest. It will be eighteen months till the final settlement." My heart stood still as I said, "Will you do it?" He had carried on a large and honest business for forty years. What an opportunity for making character! He answered in his every-day voice, gentle and firm: "I would not do such a thing for the whole two million. I am now going to call a meeting of the stockholders, to see what they want done with their money."

A majestic oak is beautiful on a calm day in June. But as it writhes and groans in the tempest, it is awe-inspiring. The unseen roots hold. Character is rooted in thought. As a man thinks, so he is.

II

THE DESIRES

Follow the simple desires.

THE DESIRES

DESIRES are the stuff of which character is made. Or rather, the treatment of desires determines character.

Deeds spring from desires. We first desire, then resolve to obtain the thing desired, then plan the course we will pursue, and then act. Desires are the mainspring of action.

We are not responsible for all our desires. They come unbidden. We cannot account for all of them. Most come through the senses—feeling, tasting, smelling, hearing, seeing. These are the wires. Messages come over them from all directions and at all times. Some flit through the mind, some come again and again, and some abide and claim attention.

And we are thoroughly wired, especially if every sense is keen. Indeed, the mind is a sort

of wireless station, picking up messages from the air—messages not intended for us!

Multitudes of desires are entering the mind, all the time. It should be so. Unless desires awaken us to action, we shall stagnate and retrograde. Nature scatters countless multitudes of seeds. She must do this because most of the seeds do not germinate, and the green earth would become a waste. If many desires did not come, we should cease to strive and relapse into barbarism. Africa will awaken when its rude people begin to desire more and better things. Be not dismayed at the multitude of desires that force their way into the mind.

We are not responsible for the messages that come over the wires. We did not put up the wires, nor do we dictate the messages. But we are responsible for what we do with the messages. The door is open. All may enter. But none may remain without our consent. If we welcome a desire and invite it to remain and entertain it, we are responsible.

This is the question: What shall we do with our desires? What we do with them makes character.

Subject all desires to close inspection. Many are good. Give them a warm reception. Some are bad. Do not "give them a hint" to go, *kick them out*. Some are trivial and unimportant. They may lead to innocent pleasure, or sin. Sort them all out, and label them with their proper value.

It is not so difficult to do this, if we have the will. The mind knows how. Estimating is its business. Give it a fair chance. Do not look on and giggle. Do not reason unfairly. And do not be deceived by appearances. Fair-looking things may be foul. And "the ugly duckling" may grow into a beautiful bird. Use your mind. Call up past experiences. Think of the words and example of others. Seek the counsel of wiser persons. And pray, "Lead us not into temptation!" Do faithful and honest and accurate thinking. Get all the light possible.

It is a transparent deceit to fall back on *conscience*. Many do this. Men have tortured others in obedience to conscience. A little reflection would have saved them from this error.

Conscience is not our guide. It is the voice within that says, "You ought," or "You ought not." It should not speak until the judgment has spoken. A sheriff should not hang a man till the judge has pronounced sentence. Mobs hang men before they are tried, conscientiously too. Judge justly, then let conscience speak. Get all the facts. Turn on all the light. Drive out hate and superstition. They prevent just judgment.

But when a just judgment is reached, after an honest endeavor, hear the voice of conscience. It will speak. Heed it. If it is not heeded, it will become seared. But it will not die. It will live through all eternity. "You ought," or "You ought not," is the never-dying and never-silent categorical imperative of the soul. We must heed this imperative or suffer. And if we allow conscience to speak without a just judgment, it

will cry out against us after the light has come and revealed the deception. Paul followed his conscience when he persecuted good, innocent people; and when the light came and revealed his awful error, the same conscience condemned what he had conscientiously done. "I did it ignorantly in unbelief," and "I am less than the least of all saints," "because I persecuted the church of God."

This last word: Follow the simple desires. Many people want too much. We do not need much, certainly not all that other people have. Be content with simple pleasures and comforts. I once saw a ragged, barefooted negro youth walking along the street puffing a cigar. He looked triumphant. "A long-felt want" had been met. Ridiculous? Yes, but a type. Many people who are riding in automobiles are just as ridiculous. They cannot afford it. Having two good legs, be therewith content—unless you can really afford to ride!

III

THE ANIMAL DESIRES

It is man's first duty to be a good animal.

THE ANIMAL DESIRES

(APPETITES)

IT is man's first duty to be a good animal.

There are three kinds of desires—animal, intellectual, and spiritual, all essential to perfect manhood.

The animal comes first. Man is born a small, weak animal with a huge appetite for nourishment and a potential intellect and soul. Growing is his passion. Food! More food! Why so voracious? His potentialities impel him. Intellect and soul will soon appear. The body is the workshop of the mind. A life is to be built, and the foundation must be ready. A character is to be grown, and there must be good soil for it. The animal is the basis of the intellectual and spiritual. "A sane mind in a sound body." So the "abdominal temperament" of the child is

divinely appointed. He must grow. He is getting ready for business.

The appetite for nourishment appears first; then the recreational and social desires—play and companionship; last, the sex desire—the holiest, strongest, and most dangerous. Connected with it are our sweetest and holiest relations—husband, wife, father, mother, children, home. God has enshrined it in "the holy-of-holies" of our souls. Modesty guards it. Woe to him who thinks or talks about it in a vulgar way! And cursed is he who violates its sanctity! Better play with fire in a powder-magazine. Retribution is awful and sure. Behold the wreckage of shattered characters and homes.

The recreative and social desires are innocent and wholesome. Play bubbles up in the healthy child and overflows. Growing is expansive. Children used to sit on high, hard benches and struggle with insipid lessons. For recreation, boys stuck pins in other boys, and philosophically took their dose of "hickory tea." Now school

children are *taught* to play. Parents and teachers are getting back to nature. Fun must have a vent!

And nature calls for companionship. "One man, no man." One boy—trouble! "Avoid evil companions!" Certainly. But pick good ones. Help the boy to find his kind. I once saw a cage with this inscription, "The Happy Family." In it were a monkey, a cat, a dog, a rabbit, and a rooster. The monkey was hugging the cat for pastime. The cat was indifferent. None was happy. Every one wanted to get out and join his kind. A collection of miserable animals! Cages for children are evil institutions. Cage-life produces poor animals and misfit men.

The appetite for food and drink is the first and most enduring—nature's call for replenishment. Activity and time exhaust strength. A locomotive must have fuel. The body calls for food and drink. The mind decides the kind and quantity, but nature blows the dinner-horn—tells us *when* to eat.

Eating is a pleasure. And nature supplies food in abundance and variety. But here is our danger. We have sought out many inventions. Many recipes for dainties! The cook-book is our Bible!

Water is nature's drink. But look at our brews and concoctions. We even cultivate an appetite for the unnatural and poisonous. No one ever enjoyed his first drink of whisky. The "inherited-taste" plea is a slander on nature. Every child cries for water, but none ever cried for whisky.

An old prophet of Crete said of his countrymen, "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." An evil trinity for the destruction of character. Excess bewilders the brain and deadens the soul.

I have heard this business maxim, "First give a man a big dinner, and then do business with him." But do not eat much yourself, or he may do business with you! A full stomach, an empty brain. A lean dog for a long chase. No doubt

the Cretans spurned the prophet, probably burned him.

Daniel refused " the king's meat," " dainties." He ate simple food, and built up a good body and a good moral and religious character. Drunkenness and gluttony weaken and degrade both body and soul. Control of the appetites is essential to efficiency. A commander-in-chief dismissed several of his subordinates, and gave the reason, " Too fat! " Men that love the table and the bottle, " café generals," cannot carry on a successful campaign. Must see straight to shoot straight. If a man cannot eat and drink right, what is he fit for?

" The king's meat " has made " evil beasts, idle gluttons " of millions, yet millions more are crying for these " dainties."

After thousands of years of daily experience man has not yet learned how to eat and drink. We know what to feed our cattle in order to make " top-notch " beef, but do not know what we should eat. Don't even know how to chew!

IV

THE INTELLECTUAL DESIRES

Usually bright feathers mean tough meat.

THE INTELLECTUAL DESIRES

WHILE it is man's first duty to be a good animal, it is his second and most solemn duty to be more than an animal. He has a mind, and mind lifts him infinitely above the brute.

The man that said, "The more I see of men the better I like dogs," was a cynic or buffoon. The dog is a noble animal, the only one that really loves man. I prefer him to the ape as a near-ancestor. But he is man's pet, not his companion. When Adam named the animals, as they passed before him, he found none a helpmeet for himself.

The mind dwells in the body and dominates and uses it. It cannot move and mold matter. Some fancy that mind is all, and matter does not really exist. They would kill disease-germs, if there be such things, by thought. Better leave

things as they seem to be and are. We cannot lift ourselves by our bootstraps.

There are many intellectual desires. The first to appear is the desire to know. The child is an incorrigible inquirer, a veritable interrogation-mark. His mind is even more voracious than his stomach. Feed him on "convenient" mental food, and plenty of it. But he will call for more! He wants to see the wheels of the very universe go round.

Articulate speech follows the desire to know. The child struggles up out of his inarticulate state, word by word. Mind invents an adequate vocabulary for its ideas. The dog's language is a bark and a wag of the tail, enough for him, and all that he will ever have. Man has made a dictionary and is ever enlarging it.

All children thirst for knowledge. Give all of them all they want! But many get very little. They have to "stop school" and enter the struggle for bread. The interrogation-mark is changed to a period. And some ignorant parents

and friends think a little is enough—"just enough to make a living"! Arrested development; stunted minds, largely at the mercy of the animal desires.

But this is not so bad as the educated brute. If a man will live for his appetite, let him remain ignorant. Such ignorance is indeed bliss. Imagine a man-eating tiger with the mind and knowledge of a man! An educated libertine!

With the desire to know comes the desire to do. Nature has united knowing and doing in holy bonds. "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder!" But the theorist and the practical man have always been at outs, and I suppose will always be so. Architects and builders cannot get along together.

But "knowledge puffs up"? I am sorry it is so. Educated men have a weakness for caps and gowns and degrees. The peacock has beautiful feathers, but he is the most ridiculous of birds. It is hard to believe that he is "good to eat"!

Usually bright feathers mean tough meat. "An aristocracy of learning"—and this when the cock-of-the-walk business is playing out! Sensible men ask what we can do. Even theology must be practical nowadays.

The desire to excel is an intellectual desire—laudable, too. And superiority brings power. Here men are tempted. Power is a responsibility, not a privilege. A lust for power is ambition, an intellectual vice.

Money, knowledge, and position give men supremacy over others. All these properly used do the world good. But ambitious men seek them for the sake of power. Why should men want vast wealth? And why should the rich display wealth? They would make others bow to them. They would rather be hated than loved. Very few rich men do good with their fortunes. And their children constitute a dangerous class, "the idle rich." It is an abasement of the intellect to devote its powers to the acquisition of great wealth.

But do the men of knowledge "make a better showing"? The scientific achievements of the last few decades are astounding. They show that the mind is fearfully and wonderfully made. But what were scientists doing in the months of the World War? Many of them devoted their vast knowledge and inventive genius to making new and mightier instruments of destruction. And they made gain of great riches through the prostitution of their knowledge. Science has gone mad. Certainly the hope of saving the world through knowledge has vanished into thin air!

And the men of position, the rulers? Well, from Tiglath-pileser down to his modern antitype we know what they have done for the human family. What "the ignorant masses" have done is a joke compared with their bloody deeds. The rulers crucified our Lord! And crucifying has been the principal business of many of them, as far back as the memory of man runs.

V

THE SPIRITUAL DESIRES

Generosity is the first breath of spirituality. "No man lives to himself" because he cannot.

THE SPIRITUAL DESIRES

SPIRITUAL desires are just as natural as the animal and intellectual desires.

A tree has roots, trunk, and branches. Without branches it would be a monstrosity, and fruitless. The spiritual part is the crown and glory and fruitage of our nature.

The spiritual desires arise early, along with the intellectual. When did you first desire to be good? When you first discovered that you were wrong! The animal in you "appropriated" another child's apple. It tasted good, and your mind justified your appetite. But your soul condemned you. You wronged another, and worse, you were wrong! What a painful revelation! Then came a decision: "I will never do so again!" Here a standard was erected. The spiritual began its ascent.

At first the standard was low or wrong. But there was a standard. There is something in us to nail to—spiritual capacity. Time and experience bring knowledge, and the standard rises. A converted cannibal was asked how human flesh tasted. The sudden recall to the cannibalism of his youth sent a thrill of horror through his frame. His standard had risen so high that it made him dizzy to look down to the dismal depths of other years.

Along with the desire to be good comes the desire to do good. Generosity is the first breath of spirituality. Contact with others reveals their needs and calls for our help. Our souls respond. Association does not compel us to help, nature does it. Association is simply the appropriate setting of the soul. "No man lives to himself" because he cannot. If we could not find human beings to help, we would explore the jungles and beg the wild beasts to accept our ministrations. The desire to do good is insatiable and eternal.

"Spiritually minded" has become too theolog-

ical and vague. Simeon, the "pillar saint," spent thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, about a yard square, living on one meal a week, and exposed to all sorts of weather. Wonderful endurance, but a caricature of spirituality. He ought to have been hauled down and put to work. Pillar saints are useless—and not even ornamental. Unselfish work for others is spirituality. A spiritually minded bricklayer said, "I cannot leave a brick until I know it is comfortable." He put his soul into the walls he built, and they stood!

Love is the essence of spirituality. It is the giving virtue. It compels us to communicate our good things. Compassion made the Good Samaritan minister to the man that "fell among robbers." Priest and Levite had "religion" but no compassion, and they consistently "passed by on the other side." Loveless ministrations are wicked, worse than none.

"God is love." He is the great Giver. His power and compassion are infinite. He rejoices

in giving his sunshine and rain to all, the just and the unjust. And no good thing does he withhold from the upright. Would he even die for needy men? He can appropriately say, "Love your enemies!" "If thine enemy hungers, feed him; if he thirsts, give him drink." Do as the great Giver does!

Love is the noblest passion of the soul. It lifts us up and sets us on the very pinnacle of spirituality. But here we need to keep our heads. In one giddy moment we may be tempted to cast ourselves down, expecting angels' wings to bear us up. Angels do not protect foolhardy enthusiasts. They are busy helping sensible people to do good. Acrobatic piety is spectacular but dangerous. Walk down from the pinnacle. This is the natural and divine way.

And "quench not the Spirit." Give love a chance! Two farmers with young families lived on adjoining farms. They fell out about a line-fence. Each built a rail fence as near the line as possible. The fences formed a narrow and

crooked lane, called a "devil's lane." The devil made it, and he alone could travel it! For years the families were estranged. Finally one of the men came to his death-bed. He sent for his neighbor and said, "It was my fault!" "No!" said the neighbor, "it was my fault!" The dying man implored: "Please take away that devil's lane! It has fenced you out of my life and pretty nearly fenced me out of heaven. I want my sun to set clear." Neighborly love had its way at last! Why should neighbors, or nations, in a fit of anger, build a "devil's lane"? Love will finally remove it. "Love never faileth!" "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath!" Approaching twilight calls mightily for love and peace!

V

THE UNPREDESTINATED

The natural life is God's plan of life.

THE UNPREDESTINATED

THEY are the abnormal, the unnatural. The natural life is God's plan of life. Some do not get into the plan. All their deeds seem aimless, accidental, and futile. They always do the unnatural and unreasonable thing. Give them a fool-proof machine to run, and they get wound up in it, in a few minutes. Why? Just seem to be "unpredestinated"!

A man without strong desires will accomplish nothing. Just wanting something is no motive-power—it gets nowhere. There must be plenty of "juice" of the explosive kind. And a man must govern all his desires. A mighty driving desire must be under strict control and kept in the road with a firm hand, else there will be a crash and a spill.

We must work, according to the plan. "In

the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Write this large and learn it well. It is the divine law, inexorable and unalterable.

Many imagine they can "climb up some other way"—porch-climbers. The plan does not suit them. They prefer a by-path or near-cut to the big road. Sweating is disagreeable and distasteful. They will get their bread by their wits, without toil—steal, gamble, "promote," "run for office," "tramp"! They want bread, *with butter and jam,* without labor. But they cannot defy the "plan." Every subterfuge will fail in the end. God and nature say, "If any will not work, neither let him eat"! Such will probably come at last to "bacon and beans" in the penitentiary!

"Unpredestinated" does not mean that God is arbitrary. He is gracious toward all. Nor does it mean that the plan is hard and exclusive. It is easy and simple and natural. The workers find it so. And they get the bread. They do not always get a full material reward, nor do they always wisely use the fruits of their labors.

Think of this country spending $2,000,000,000 annually for drink! Enough to build 800,000 houses, each costing $2,500! "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Nevertheless the workers get more than the "porch-climbers" and spend it to better purpose. And honest toil has its own reward.

"The unpredestinated" make excuses: "Fate is against me!" "I inherited my defects." Poor business, laying our failures on fate or ancestors. The road is plain and easy to travel. It is hard sledding out of the road. We should not walk in the gutter. A blind man, with a cane, can keep on the sidewalk. Stick to the plan. "A wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

What can be done for "the unpredestinated"? Set them right on the inside. A clock will not keep time when its works are out of order. "Ye must be born again!" This is not simply theological. It is mysterious, but perfectly reasonable and natural. Never mind about heredity, environment, evolution, and so forth. Get the

heart, the purpose, and the will to follow the plan. Men are "born again" every day. Hurrah for the thousands that get the new heart, the new strength, and the new song!

But the predestinated have no room for boasting. They are in the plan, and should be happy—and humble. How did they get in? Probably just tumbled in! No matter. It is the plan that counts! And "the unpredestinated" need not be envious. A man is chosen because he is fit. They too will be chosen for the thing they are fitted to do. Let them "get busy" and become worthful.

A captain in the Philippines received orders from his colonel to select twenty men and break up a band of robbers. He drew up the company and chose his men. Of course every man hoped to be chosen. Those that were not, shed tears. The captain said: "Boys, I have selected the best men for this job. If I had another kind of job, I would not select these men but some of you. Don't feel bad. Your time may come any day."

All that can "do things" are predestinated *unto what they can do*. But how can God or man use an ignoramus, or a fool, or a sluggard, or a villain! "If the salt have lost its savor . . . it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

The cuckoo is a lazy, unnatural bird. She deposits her egg in another bird's nest, and then sneaks around in the dense foliage and makes a doleful noise. A pair of robins hatch their eggs and feed their young—and perhaps a cuckoo or two. They carry about four hundred bugs a day to their young—and never call themselves "the Lord's anointed." They simply follow the plan, and like it. And robins are numerous and happy and respected. Cuckoos are few and miserable and contemptible. And the human cuckoo? Well, he is "unpredestinated"!

VII

THE NORMAL MAN

The normal man sees life whole, and tries to live a whole life.

THE NORMAL MAN

THE normal man is the one that has all the desires—animal, intellectual, and spiritual—and controls them and uses them according to nature.

Robert Burton says that most great men are dishonest, meaning vicious. He mentions many names and indicates their vices. They failed to govern their appetites. Why are so many gifted people immoral? Applause seems to "turn their heads." They can write, or speak, or sing, or act, or command, or preach, and therefore they are not subject to the moral law. And the public excuses them!

The ancients made much of self-control, one of their four cardinal virtues. It is the will in action, holding us to the natural. It makes us come up to the mark and forbids us to go over it.

"Thou shalt!" and "Thou shalt not!" It is like walking a plank over a deep chasm. The plank is strong enough, and wide enough. But it has no balustrade. Wabbling is dangerous. One can fall off on either side. Keep on the plank, and as near the middle as possible. Just be natural, no less, no more.

Keep the appetites normal. The animal desires come first, and our first struggle is with them. Perfect control of them is difficult and rare. Some do not get a fair start and have to fight one or more appetites all their lives. Indulgence of one weakens control over others. Millions fall off the plank on one side or the other. The chasm has swallowed multitudes and yawns for more! An appetite may be suppressed, and suppression is not so disastrous as indulgence. But regulation, according to nature, is the thing. Asceticism is contemptible, but not common. Debauchery is common and detestable and deadly!

Samson was a magnificent animal, with little

mind and almost no soul. He hated the Philistines, and yet could not keep away from them. They put out his eyes and made him do the work of an ass! In the end he pulled down the temple of Dagon on the Philistines and himself. His last prayer, "Let me die with the Philistines," was answered. There was no other way! He reminds us of an astute brute caught in a trap.

The mind must hold the reins of appetite. It must also govern itself. The engineer must govern himself if he would control his locomotive and run his train in safety. Most wrecks by appetite can be traced to a weak, ungoverned mind. Train the mind to judge and act right. Who would ride behind an ignorant locomotive engineer? But a man may use his training in the wrong way! He may be viciously unsafe. Who would ride behind a *crazy* engineer? "Knowledge," "science," "culture"—words we conjure with! But they are often pressed into the service of ambition and appetite. The educated man a mere pragmatic fiend! What degra-

dation! The plea is, "We must have bread!" Of course, and we must work and pray for it. But "Man shall not live by bread alone." The normal man sees life as a whole, and tries to live a whole life.

Many a man pretends to have serious doubts about the existence of his spiritual nature. When he discovers his soul, he makes a distinct gain. It is like finding the finest fruit on a tree where he supposed there was none. But the discovery imposes new responsibilities. Spiritual desires must be regulated. None of "the tricks of trade" here! Sober reason demands a sincere and well-balanced spiritual life. We cannot observe a few religious forms and then dismiss the matter. Neither dare we run riot in "feeling," and imagine we are good because "we feel good." Even the supernatural is not unnatural.

The normal spiritual man is one that has love and wisdom and power, in equipoise. Love that does nothing is vain. Power alone may prove to be a wild steam-roller. Love and power with-

out wisdom may be either futile or harmful. Behold the compassionate rich wasting their money in unreasonable schemes of relief! Their intention is good, but they have no gumption. Wisdom should make the plans and sign all checks.

We admire "the good Samaritan." He had the heart to help, and the oil and wine to heal, and the beast to carry the wounded man, and the strength to nurse him, and the money to pay the bills.

Was there ever a normal man? One that could rule all his desires, and be perfectly natural? Where is the man of infinite love and infinite wisdom and infinite power? Surely "he is the desire of all nations"! You want to *see* Him? You need him? Well, search for him! "He is not far from every one of us!" He is "the Son of man" and "the Son of God—The Ideal Man"!

VIII

THE IDEAL MAN

The ideal is unattainable but not unapproachable.

THE IDEAL MAN

IS there a man plan? God gave Moses a plan for the tabernacle, and commanded him to build it in strict accordance with that plan. We employ an architect to make a house plan, and we put the builder under contract to build the house according to the plan. Has God given us a plan for a real man, the best man? Man-building is certainly the greatest business on earth, and it is reasonable to suppose that there ought to be a divine plan.

There are a great many poor houses, apparently built without any definite plan, inconvenient, and constructed of poor material by careless and incompetent workmen. So there are many poorly built men. They are not formed according to any well-defined plan, but seem to have "just growed," in a haphazard way.

"They are the product of environment," some say. They seem to think that environment is omnipotent. Environment influences character, but the building of manhood is not its province. Have you never seen a miserable shack stuck in among good houses on a good street? And it is not uncommon to see a shack of a man where he is out of harmony with his surroundings of worth and excellence.

The word "ideal" is a sort of red rag to practical people. It makes them mad, and they lower their horns and rush at it. "Existing in the imagination only," is their definition. No doubt many ideals never materialize. And some idealists are a nuisance. But, after all, everything must first exist in the mind. Every house is visualized by the imagination before it is built. Many "castles in the air" have remained in the air, but all the real castles were first built in the air. Let us wait and see whether the "castle in the air" will come down to earth or not. When Chicago was a small, miserable town, an enthu-

siastic "idealist" used to walk the muddy streets and describe the future great city—to the merriment of the "practical people." But he was right, only he did not have the power to imagine the half of it!

There is another definition of "ideal"—"the highest and best conceivable, the perfect." Can there be any objection to this. We never arrive at the best and quit. As we approach it, it moves up. We never quite reach it, but we keep on trying to do so. The old expression, *ne plus ultra*—"nothing beyond"—will not work. Standpatters have been shouting it, loud and long, but men of imagination, "idealists," have never paid any attention to them. They say, "Where are you going to land?" Our reply is, "We are not going to land at all!" The Buddhist has a hope that he will land in Nirvana, complete quiescence, absorption, annihilation. Laziness inspired this creed. Even a blind man wants to go somewhere and tries hard to keep out of the ditch. "Excelsior" is the motto of

the living; "ne plus ultra" is an epitaph—and not a very good one! We boldly inscribe "Hope" even on the tombstone!

The great Teacher said, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." But we cannot be perfect as God. He knew we could not. "Why then did he tell us to strive for divine perfection?" Because the *striving* is the main thing. He set this mark in order that we may strive on forever. We need to "play the game." Suppose he had set up a human standard—"Be perfect as Abraham"? But Abraham was not perfect! It would not take us long, in our estimation, to catch up with him, or pass him! God's standard of perfection is ever ascending. He could not give us a higher ideal, and he was too wise and too good to give us a lower one! The ideal is unattainable, but not unapproachable. We never get there, but we are always getting nearer. "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but *I press on!*" Why do not the "air men" quit trying

to fly higher? They cannot quit! They would not quit if they were to reach Mars!

Yes, there is a man plan, a perfect ideal, divinely provided, the infallible pattern of true manhood. The plan is *a real man,* not a mere theory. John described Him as "that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled." Real, not imaginary! His followers did not always understand him, or realize fully who he was. He was so much like them, in his daily life, that they underestimated him. But one day he took Peter and James and John with him up into a high mountain, and was transfigured before them. "His face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light." And Moses and Elijah appeared, talking with him. Peter, "not knowing what he said," was so amazed that he proposed to build three tabernacles, one for Jesus, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah, putting them on the same level. But a voice came out of the cloud: "This is my be-

loved Son, in whom I am well pleased; *hear ye him!"* Moses and Elijah vanished, and the disciples "saw no one, save Jesus only!" Here is another pattern, not of a meeting-house, but of a man, "given in the mount," to be followed implicitly by all those that desire to be perfect. It is not "a castle in the air," but a real, practical model, a living man "who was tempted, or tried, in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

Our Ideal Man lived the common human life. How did he behave himself? We want to see him in action. Well, we have an ample record of his daily life.

He grew up in a poor family and worked at the carpenter's trade, and, as it appears, he was the main support of his mother and brothers and sisters for years. His reputation was good—he grew in favor with God and man. The Nazarenes rejected him as Messiah, or prophet, but never charged him with dishonesty or poor work. He made good in the family and in the workshop, where so many fail.

Self-control is essential to success. Before entering upon his public ministry the Ideal Man retired to the wilderness to fight for control over his animal, intellectual, and spiritual desires. Any man that cannot control his desires will go down in the battle of life.

His first fight was with hunger—the appetite for food. He had fasted forty days, and had a raging hunger. The tempter suggested turning stones into bread. Why not? He had the power, and he needed the bread. But a word of God came to him: "Man shall not live by bread alone!" His power was a trust, given to him to be used for others, not for himself! Something more important than bread! Wait a while. God will give the bread. Even then angels were ready to minister to him! Hunger did not drive him to misuse of his power.

The next struggle was with that strong abnormal intellectual desire, ambition, the love of power. The tempter showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. "I

will give you all these if you will worship me. Believe as I do, that might is right. You have the power. You came to conquer the world. Take it by force, at once!" He was indeed a king. And it was the purpose of God to give him all the kingdoms of the world. But his kingdom is different—a kingdom of righteousness and peace. And he was to conquer it by love, not by force. Another word of God came to mind. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve!" So ambition was subdued.

Then came that subtle temptation, an abnormal spiritual desire, presumption. He was standing on the pinnacle of the temple, looking down on the throng, assembled from every nation, Jews and proselytes, to worship God. "The mills of God grind too slowly! It takes a long time to get results. These people desire signs and wonders. If I were to cast myself down among them, the angels would bear me up, and land me safely on the pavement. This great miracle would con-

vince them, and they would go home and proclaim my fame to the ends of the earth! In this spectacular, sensational way I could do more missionary work than my disciples could do in centuries!" But another word of God: "Thou shalt not make trial of the Lord thy God!" Serve God in his way. Do not presume. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins."

These temptations were the crucial test. They tried his metal. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." This Royal Man was setting out to conquer his desires. He showed his wisdom and power, and had within his heart the assurance of final victory over the world. "He returned with the power of the Spirit!" And in that power he went forth into the common life of the people, and faced every trial and met every obligation. Toil and strife and suffering awaited him. We have his record for three years and a half—not all that he said and did, but enough to give a true picture of his life.

Not one unwise word did he utter, not one wrong or selfish deed did he do, not one mistake did he make! He was always right, always patient, always sympathetic, always just, always courageous, always triumphant! The bitter criticisms of his enemies are on record, and serve to illustrate his virtues.

But was he not too far above us, a sort of superman, too high for our imitation? No. He was just a plain human being. He thought as we think, he felt as we feel, he desired as we desire. He was grieved at the stupidity of his disciples. He was indignant at the opposition of the Pharisees and scribes, he was grateful for the favors of his friends, and he shrank from the horrors of the crucifixion—just as human as we are. And he acted in all circumstances just as we wish we could. Pilate tried hard and long to find an excuse for condemning him, but had to admit, "I find no fault in this man!" We must agree with him. We certainly have found the ideal man. After his death on the cross the old Roman

centurion gave his verdict, and it will stand till the end of time, and forever: "Truly this man was the Son of God!" This Ideal Man has a word for you: "Follow me! I am the way, the truth, and the life!"

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2004

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 610 295 3